

ART.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The last exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city was of such a character as to greatly disappoint all admirers of that which the Academy was founded to cultivate, and called forth at the time such adverse criticism as we hope has enlightened the directors of the institution. We do not know what changes they purpose making, but we know that radical changes are needed. The day has gone by when a large number of inferior paintings will excite enthusiasm. Something more is needed in a collection than the number of works. Something more is needed to attract the critical than "Portraits of a Gentleman," or representations of "Death on a Pale Horse." We need enterprise in art as well as in all other provinces, and unless it is improved the people demand a change in the connoisseurs, who claim to minister to their tastes. We are not sufficiently familiar with the details of the Academy management to know where the evil lies, but we only see the evil, and ask for the remedy. We want a good exhibition of fine arts this winter. We do not want to wait until next spring, and if the directors set about the collection with energy, they can furnish us with what we need, and give an impetus to art much needed in our city.

EDMUND D. LEWIS.—We understand that Mr. Edmund D. Lewis is about painting one of his large landscape scenes, the original of which he studied during his summer tour. There is no one among our young artists who can equal Mr. Lewis in his delineation of nature. Although without extended experience in his profession, he has achieved a widespread reputation, and one which is destined to become national. The best sign of the popularity of our artist is found in the number who praise and closely examine his works on exhibition, and with that as our criterion, Mr. Lewis stands foremost of all the rising artists of Philadelphia. His last large work, "The Fishers of the Susquehanna," was a chef d'œuvre.

It was among the spring collection at the Academy, and attracted universal attention. The gorgeous coloring, the rich tints of autumnal foliage, and the admirable perfection of that work, merit high encomium. Mr. Lewis was a pupil, and is now a friendly rival, of Paul Weber; and, like his preceptor, he excels in the minute delineation of the foreground. Every leaf is clear and natural; there is none of that "muddiness" in his foliage which is so common. He possesses that within him that will make him, without doubt, a great artist; and with his energy, we can prophesy great things for him in the future.

We understand that Mr. Joseph B. Beale, late Professor of Drawing at the Central High School, has accepted a Government appointment, and is about to travel abroad to make a draft of certain fortifications and sites which are needed in official circles.

MUSIC IN THE METROPOLIS.—The heat of the summer and the reports of cholera did not drive all the musicians from New York; on the contrary, many of them have done their best to entertain the forced dwellers of the hot city. In addition to various musical festivals of German societies and Sunday evening concerts of various degrees of excellence, Mr. Theodore Thomas, with an efficient orchestra of about thirty good performers, has given one hundred open-air concerts at Terrace Garden. The programmes included music of all kinds, from waltzes and galops, which suit well the tinkling of beer-glasses and the smoke of cigars, to operatic airs and overtures, and even symphonies. Twice each week was a whole division of the concert given up to music of the highest order, and as an index of the growing love for good music in New York, it is to be noted that on these evenings the attendance was always large, and the most complete attention given. The audience was not wholly or even principally German, but these concerts were the resort of all young men of musical feeling, and often of families who were kept in town. Several symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn were played, as well as movements and overtures by Wagner, Liszt, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn. Besides these, there were evenings set apart for special composers, and we had Mendelssohn and Mozart nights. Mr. Thomas, we hope, made much pecuniary profit from these concerts; he at least has the satisfaction of feeling that he has done much for the improvement of musical taste. The Central Park concerts on Saturday afternoons have usually been good, and have often given music of much excellence. They were, of course, always thronged.

The slowness with which the New York Academy of Music is being rebuilt will probably disarrange and retard the Italian Opera this winter. The chances of the opera-house being ready for January are very small.

There lately died, in Paris, an artist named Louis Lebrun, well known for many years past as a draughtsman and painter of marine subjects, a branch of art in which he greatly excelled. Lebrun was formerly a surgeon in the French navy; but his powers as a draughtsman having attracted the notice of the Minister of Marine, he was selected to go with the expedition to the South Pole under Dumont d'Urville, in 1837, in the capacity of artist. Subsequently he accompanied the expedition to Madagascar, in a similar capacity; but of late years he devoted himself chiefly to working on the illustrated papers.

There is now on view in the studio of Mr.

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John Chapin, in New York, a large and very fine imported painting by J. Hamel. This picture, which is of the German school, and has but lately arrived in this country, has for its subject the "Sale of Indulgences," and the scene is laid in the time of the Reformation, portraits of some of the leading spirits of that movement being included in the composition. The centre of the picture is occupied by an ecclesiastic, who, somewhat after the manner of an auctioneer, flourishes aloft one of the precious documents. At his feet kneels a beautiful girl, robed in bright tissues. The crowd gathered around displays a great variety of character, all drawn and painted with remarkable vigor. There are glimpses in the background of quaint old architecture, and the atmospheric effects of daylight over the whole scene are rendered with great felicity.

A very valuable collection of ancient drawings has lately been added to the Gallery of Florence. Many of them were collected at great trouble and expense by the Florentine sculptor Santarelli, who has presented them to the nation on condition that they are to be placed permanently in the Uffizzi Gallery, and this has been done.

The well-known Italian painter Ademollo is engaged on pictures of episodes in the late campaign in Lombardy. Victor Emanuel accorded to this artist the privilege of accompanying the army during the campaign, so that fidelity, at least, may be looked for in the future battlepieces from his pencil.

Mr. S. P. Avery has reopened his art gallery on Broadway. Among the new attractions in it are a painting by Vanderlip, and G. A. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion"—the latter of which figured on the walls of the Royal Academy last season, and was very highly spoken of by English critics.

Mr. V. Nebbig, of New York, has now in his studio several genre pictures of great merit—some of them finished, and others yet in hand. It will be remembered that nearly all the pictures and art bric-a-brac of Mr. Nebbig's studio were destroyed by fire about a year ago, but the walls, which presented somewhat the appearance of a museum or armory before the fire, have been restored to something like their former appearance. Among other pictures now to be seen in this studio is one of the battle of Gettysburg, a spirited composition of the same grouping and general treatment as the large painting of the same subject lost at the time of the fire.

Mr. Jerome Thompson lately finished a large landscape. The scene lies amid the mountains of Vermont, the point of view being from a summit near Mansfield mountain, the peak of which towers up on the left of the composition. Beyond, the eye is carried over a sea of mountain tops to where the sun, which has just risen over the horizon, lights up the distant line of Lake Champlain. The mists, which are curling away up the mountain slopes, are rendered with excellent atmospheric effect, and the bold rocks of the foreground and middle distance are drawn and painted with great fidelity to nature. This picture ought to be on view in some one of the public galleries, the artist's studio being too limited in space to afford an advantageous view of it.

Neither literary nor artistic piracy seems to find favor in London. A well-known picture by Sir Edwin Landseer is the one called "A Piper and a Pair of Nut-Crackers," represented by a couple of squirrels and a bull-finch. This picture was lately pirated in some way, it appears, by a photographer named Bennett, and another person, and the delinquents, on the application of Mr. Graves, the printseller, who has a copyright on the picture, were brought before a magistrate, and mulcted in a penalty, with costs, the charges against them being for four several acts of piracy.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Paris correspondent of the Nation tells the following story of the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:—
Deux can afford to do so are buying bits of ground outside the city walls of the new city in which they now find themselves living, and are building thereupon some sort of rural habitations, more or less pretentious, according to their means. Among others thus anxious to secure a quiet retreat from the dust and racket of the capital, is M. Buloz, the able "original" who has so long held the post of chief editor in the well-known *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

This gentleman lately employed a man of the law, resident in the neighborhood of Paris, to negotiate for him the purchase of an estate contiguous to one possessed by the latter. The title-deed of the estate was drawn up accordingly, and brought by the notary in question to M. Buloz for signature. "What is the meaning of this paragraph, referring, apparently, to certain claims or 'subjections' affecting the estate?" inquired the erudite wearer of the well-worn dressing-gown, smoking-cap, and slippers, so well known to the literary world of Paris, as he held the document in close proximity to his nose, and peered into its pages through his heavy, tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. "I must have this land free of everything of the kind; for what satisfaction should I have in it if somebody else had it in 'subjection'?"

"All that is mere legal technicality," returned the notary; "the words have no value whatsoever."

"In that case," returned M. Buloz, whose wits are usually in the seventh heaven of critical and metaphysical erudition, and are therefore not seldom imposed upon in regard to the affairs of the outer world, "I may as well sign it, and have the thing finished."
And, so saying, he dipped his pen in the ink and appended his signature, ornamented with one of the elaborate *parafes* Frenchmen are so fond of at the end of the deed.
The notary of the dingy offices of the Rue St. Benoit lost no time in building a villa on the ground of which he had become the owner; laying out his gardens with more taste than was expected, and taking special pride in widening a portion of a little stream that ran through his ground, so as to make a "little lake" in the middle of the lawn before his parlor windows. But he had no sooner made his lake, and purchased half-a-dozen weeping willows, to plant about its borders, than the stream which should have fed it became suddenly dry—a phenomenon all

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the more unaccountable after the incessant downfall of rain that has been afflicting us for the last four months.

In this emergency the new *propritaire* had recourse to his legal friend, now become his nearest neighbor.
"What can be the reason that my stream of water has suddenly dried up?" inquired M. Buloz, addressing the notary.
"Evidently some one has intercepted the water," returned that personage; "you have bought the ground, but you have not bought the spring which supplies the water."

"But I purchased the ground as I found it," returned M. Buloz, "and there was water at that time; therefore I have a right to the water."
"That is what the law must decide," retorted the notary. "The spring which supplies your stream is in my ground; and if you will consult your copy of the deed of sale, you will find it distinctly stated that the use of the water proceeding from that spring is made subject to the payment by you of a yearly rental of 500 francs."

Thoroughly indignant at seeing himself the victim of such a trick, and on the part of the very agent whom he had employed to ensure the acquisition of his new property without encumbrance of any kind, M. Buloz brought a suit against his treacherous counsellor to compel a restitution of the water of which he found himself deprived. In the first trial of the affair the verdict was given against him; but, nothing daunted, he once more carried the suit into a higher court, and has just had the satisfaction of seeing himself, through the verdict just given by the latter, victorious over the wiles of the rascal who had so impudently endeavored to overreach a client. The notary has been sentenced to pay the nominal damages claimed by the editor of the *Revue*, to defray the costs of the suit, and to refrain, for the rest of his days, and in the person of his future heirs, from any further interference with the usual course of the contested water.

The *Round Table* concludes an extended criticism on Bayard Taylor's last poem, "The Picture of St. John," in which it speaks rather unenthusiastically of the work, with the following judgment:—

"The great lack of the poem seems to us to consist in a story or legend. There is not enough of interest in the subject-matter. Indeed, so far as the narrative goes, what there is of it is but poorly told. Mr. Taylor is certainly but an indifferent constructive poet. His verses are pretty—often beautiful—and the general idea is pleasant, but there is a lack of fresh and simple history. He has the art of making long poems; but a long poem must turn upon a story to possess the truest charm. 'The Picture of St. John' has few demerits of measure, expression, or style. It is evidently a studied effort, and will be deservedly praised for its artistic completeness. But its author will still linger among the middle luminaries of the literary firmament, for it is in vain to look for a place among the highest upon the merits of sketches, novels, or poems which are truly great neither in plot nor execution. The multitudinous works of Mr. Taylor are all pleasant, but there is not one that as a literary venture can be called so successful as even the little idyl 'Snow-Bound.'"

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers, better known, perhaps, under her nom de plume of "Florence Percy," author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," has written nothing sweeter than the following stanzas, which we find in her recently published volume, and which just suit the season of falling leaves:—

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE TURNING BROWN,
Never is my heart so gay
In the budding month of May,
Never does it beat a tune
Half so sweet in bloomy June;
Never knows such happiness
As on such a day as this.
When October dons her crown,
And the leaves are turning brown.
Breathe, sweet children, soft regrets
For the vanished violets;
Sing, you lovers, the delights
Of the golden summer nights;
Never in the summer hours
On my way such radiant showers
As from heaven falls softly down
When the leaves are turning brown.
Braid your girdles, fresh and gay,
Children, in the bloom of May;
Twist your chaplets in young June,
Maidens, they will fade full soon;
Twine ripe roses, July-rod,
Lovers, for the dear one's head;
I will weave my richer crown
When the leaves are turning brown!

An interesting account, by M. J. Amigues, of the explorations of the Palace of the Cæsars, has appeared in some late numbers of *Le Moniteur*. The site of this palace had been buried in the Middle Ages under a part of the Farnese Gardens, themselves lately a heap of ruins. The Farnese property came by descent into the possession of the ex-King of Naples, by whom these gardens were sold some years ago to the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor entrusted the work of exploration to the Chevalier Pietro Rosa, and excavations were commenced towards the end of 1861, with these objects:—to ascertain the primitive configuration of the soil of the Palatine, the public or private buildings relating to the period of the Cæsars, and the more ancient monuments that formed their substructure, or that had been restored by the Cæsars. Sig. Rosa first discovered many indications that proved the top of the Palatine to have been double, like that of the Capitoline, though he has not yet laid bare the whole of the *intermedium*. This discovery explained many hitherto obscure passages of ancient writers, and was a valuable guide to further progress. The constructions on the Palatine are divided into two groups—the *aces publica* or *imperialia* (the public official residence of the emperors), and the various private residences built to connect with it by Tiberius, Caligula, and other emperors. Nearly the whole of the palace proper has been excavated, so much, at least, as is not covered by the buildings of the Villa Mills.

The following paragraph referring to the enlistment of blacks in the Revolution, is from advanced sheets of "Bancroft's History of the United States," Vol. IX:—

"As enlistments failed, Washington urged Congress to complete the continental battalions of all the States except South Carolina and Georgia by drafts from their militia; Congress, though not till the end of February, adopted the advice, limiting the service to nine months. The execution of the measure was unequal, for it depended on the good-will of the several States; but the scattered villages paraded their militia for the draft with sufficient regularity to save the army from dissolution. Varnum, a brigadier of Rhode Island, proposed the emancipation of slaves in that State, on condition of their enlisting in the army for the war. The

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scheme, approved by Washington, and by him referred to Cooke, the Governor of the State, was accepted. Every able-bodied slave in Rhode Island received by law liberty to enlist in the army for the war. On passing muster he became free and entitled to all the wages and encouragements given by Congress to any soldier. The State made some compensation to their masters."

Mr. Charles Lanman, of Georgetown, D. C., has brought to the light, from their concealment in a number of old trunks in New London, Conn., a mass of correspondence which he calls "The Shaw Papers." Nathaniel G. Shaw, Jr., was an active and wealthy merchant of Connecticut before and during the war of the Revolution, and was for a long time the general agent in that State of the Continental Congress for all sorts of military and naval business. The letters extend over a period of seventeen years—1765-'82—and are, in part, those written by Shaw himself, and in part those addressed to him by a great variety of men—Washington, Horatio Gates, Benedict Arnold, Robert Morris, John Hancock, and many others. Though most of them, probably, relate to details of business, they can hardly fail to be of some historical value, and doubtless will be printed.

A new sensation drama, *Parisians in London*, is about to be played at the Porte St. Martin, with novel and startling effects, a *la Boucault*. One of the scenes will represent, it is said, the Haymarket at night, with the good old dance of Sir Roger de Coverley, which is just about as native to that locality at present as morality is to the novels of the younger Dumas. To add to the truthfulness of the scene, a number of street celebrities have been engaged, as beggars, lumbiers, and colored Ethiopians of English and burnt-cork descent. If the drama succeeds, as it will without doubt, some smart English dramatist will perhaps give his countrymen *Londoners in Paris*, with a view of the Jardin Mabille and its mixed company dancing an old court minuet.

Professor Agassiz has lately written a letter to Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in answer to a letter from that gentleman requesting him to lecture, some time during the coming fall or winter, on the turtle. He excuses himself from lecturing, his life being absorbed with other duties, but sympathizes with Mr. Bergh in his endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the turtle, who suffers, he says, legal decisions to the contrary notwithstanding, in having his fins pierced, and in being turned upside down.

The friends of the late James Sheridan have erected a monument over his remains in Glasgow, in which city he was a teacher of elocution when he wrote his earliest plays. It is built of fine durable sandstone, surmounted by a sarcophagus of grey Aberdeen granite, and among its ornaments are medallion heads of "William Tell" and "Emma," "Virginia" and "Virginia," "Master Walter" and "Julia," and "Caius Gracchus" and his mother "Cornelia." The only inscription on the monument is the full name of the preacher-dramatist, and the dates of his birth and death.

Mr. Robert Buchanan contributes a "London Lyric" to the last number of the *Argosy*, the theme of which is the influence of a young country maiden in the city. Here is his opening stanza:—

"Bell from the North has journeyed hither,
She brings the scent of heather with her,
To show in what sweet glens she grew;
Where'er she trips, in any weather,
She steps as if she trod on heather,
And leaves a sense like dropping dew."

Mr. Charles F. Browne's letters in *Punch* are considered successful in England, which is a great deal more than they are here. The first of the series was so poor that we doubt whether any American comic journal would have published it. The second was rather better, but not up to the mark of Artemus Ward. Mr. Browne has taken Egyptian Hall, in London, and is about to give his lectures in it.

A burlesque on Scott's poem of the *Lady of the Lake* was lately produced in London, with the addition to its original title of *Plaid in a New Tartan*. It is said to have been very successful, partly owing to the fact that nearly all the characters were played by women, or ladies, if the reader insists upon having our absurd American syndium.

Mr. Leon Goslan died recently in Paris, within a few days of completing his sixtieth year. Beginning his literary career nearly forty years ago as a journalist, he worked his way slowly to fame and fortune, writing novels and plays, the majority of which were successful in their day.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the next novelist who is to succeed Mr. Charles Reade in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he is now writing a serial story, to be published during the coming year. Its title is "The Guardian Angel."

Another American humorist, Mr. D. R. Locke, better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," has collected a volume of his papers, that are nothing if not political, which is soon to be published in Boston by Messrs. Lee & Sheppard.

Mr. Charles H. Dana has revised his "Household Book of Poetry," of which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are about to issue a new illustrated edition, with emendations and corrections of the text, which has hitherto been faulty.

Mr. F. A. Teall is at work upon a "Dictionary of Proper Names," which is expected to be a masterpiece of erudition. So says a paragraphist, who omits, however, to state by whom these "great expectations" are indulged.

A reprint is announced in England of the original Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems. The edition will be limited to six hundred copies, of which between four and five hundred copies have already been subscribed for.

Dr. J. G. Holland has in the press a new edition of "Bitter Sweet," printed on large paper, with some seventy or eighty illustrations, and a portrait of himself.

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Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, No. 251 Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen:—The Fourth of July, with its usual festivities and pleasures, came to a sad termination on the afternoon of that day by the breaking out of the largest fire that ever took place in this country, destroying half of the business portion of the city, with numerous dwellings. Our store, which was in a three-story brick building, was completely swept away by the devouring flames. We were carrying on the jewelry business. We had one of our large-size Champion safes in use, which contained our valuable jewelry and watches, also our books, papers, and some money, which were preserved in good condition. The covers of the books and some of the watches and jewelry are discolored by the steam from the fire-proof composition; not a leaf of our principal books is injured, not a word is erased from our books or papers, every line and word perfectly legible; our jewelry and watches can be cleaned. We were unable to remove this safe and open it until Tuesday, the 10th, a period of more than five days after the fire. The heat around it was of the most intense character, as its exterior distinctly shows, the iron being badly warped and sprung. The brass knobs and ornamental plates on the doors were entirely melted off. The heat closely resembled that of a furnace, for the iron was at a white heat. We would add, that a safe which will preserve its contents in such a fire proves its superiority, and is thoroughly fire proof. Respectfully yours,

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POSTLAND Maine, July 13, 1866.

Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—The large fire which occurred July 4 entirely destroyed our extensive stove manufacturing; also our office, which was in a separate wooden building, two stories in height. The safe, one of your Herring's Patent Champion, was in the second story; it fell to the ground. We got it out during the fire by means of chains. It was red hot. We had it cut open on Saturday. The books and papers contained in it were all preserved. Yours truly,

N. P. RICHARDSON & CO

POSTLAND, Maine July 10, 1866.

Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, No. 251 Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen:—This once beautiful city has been the scene of the most terrible conflagration ever known in the history of fires on this continent. Fifteen hundred buildings were destroyed, covering an area of more than two hundred acres, reaching a mile and one half in length, by an average of a half mile in width. The building in which we had the office of the Portland Mutual Fire Insurance Company was entirely consumed. We had a large number of books and papers; these, with other valuables, were all locked up in one of your large size "Fire-Proof Safes." We dug it out of the ruins on Saturday, where it remained three days and a half. After cutting it open, to our great surprise and gratification, the contents were preserved in excellent condition; the covers of the books were drawn by the steam of the fire-proof composition. Every line and word in our books and papers are perfectly legible; not a leaf of our books or a paper shows the marks of fire. When we take into consideration the magnitude of this fire, the terrific heat to which your safe was subjected, no water having been thrown on the ruins or on the fire, proves your safe to be perfectly fire-proof. The ordeal through which safes have passed in this severe test, many having been completely burned up, warrant us in saying that too much praise cannot be bestowed on "the Herring," as every one of your safe preserved its contents. Respectfully yours,

EDWARD SHAW,

Treasurer of P. M. F. Insurance Company.

POSTLAND, July 16, 1866.

Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—The devastating fire which took place in our city on the afternoon of July 4, unparalleled in extent and number of buildings destroyed by any fire that ever took place in this country, entirely consumed our large sugar-house and office. We were using one of your large size folding-door safes. It was in the third story of our office; when the floor gave way it fell into the cellar on a heap of burning sugar, where it remained until Thursday, when we removed it and had it cut open; it contained our general books, valuable papers, insurance policies, a record of our Government bonds, two thousand dollars in bank bills, and some currency. All of them were preserved in excellent order—not a mark of fire on them. Every line is perfectly legible. The covers of the books were drawn by the steam from the fireproof filling; they can be rebound; the leaves are perfect. This safe was subject to a very severe test. It was very much pleased with the result. It has proved itself perfectly fire-proof, and too much praise cannot be awarded to a safe which stood the test so well. Respectfully yours,

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